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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TO THE NEW VOTERS

The strength of a nation does not rest so much in its thinking as in its feeling. The heart of a nation is just as pure, just as warm, just as genuine as the hearts of its citizens, and outside of the heart there is no life.

That you have become citizens of a great self-governing nation does not mean that you can do anything that you please. It means, rather than that, that before anything you please you must put that which you ought to do.

Let us never allow ourselves to do things against our ideals. Let us never allow ourselves to want a single foot of foreign territory. Let us stand by the little nations that need to be stood by. Let us show that we are not interested in the geography of politics.

A nation made up out of the world ought to understand the world. No nation, I venture to say, constituted out of a single racial stock could undertake the task which the United States has undertaken, namely: To stand, not for national aggression, not for hostile rivalry, not for the things which stir the antagonistic passions of mankind, but for the rights of mankind of every sort everywhere.

America was set up in order that men everywhere should know that here was a place where men who desire justice and freedom were welcome to come, and that, having come, they would be received as real brothers and partners in the common enterprise which was for the interest of all men of every kind.

—*Woodrow Wilson*

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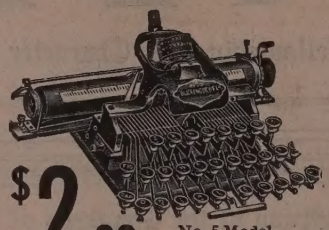

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1916. Number 11

OVER NIGHT, A ROSE

That over night a rose could come
  I, one time did believe,
For when the fairies live with one,
  They wilfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
  Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently
  Obedient to God.
My wonder grows, since knowledge came
  Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
  A winter doing this?
Nor did it know, the weary while,
  What color and perfume
With this completed loveliness
  Lay in that earthy tomb.
So maybe I, who cannot see
  What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
  It took my life to grow.

—*Caroline Giltinan.*

A correspondent taking note of the vituperative language and bitter spirit indulged in even by representatives of culture and refinement concerning the war invasion is inclined to believe that—

> the pessimistic assertions of Mr. Chamberlain applied with still greater truth to the opening decades of the twentieth century. This is how the learned author of *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* puts it: "In the nineteenth century we have heard so much fine talk about the freedom of speech, the freedom of science, etc.; in reality, however, we have been worse enslaved than in the eighteenth century; for, in addition to the tyrants who have really never been disarmed, new and worse ones have arisen. The former tyranny could, with all its bitter injustice, strengthen the character; the new, which is a tyranny proceeding from and aiming at money, degrades to the lowest depths of bondage."

Shelby M. Harrison's paper on "Community Action Through Surveys," read at the last meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections at Indianapolis, is published in full as the September issue of the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Price, 10 cents. These social surveys are still largely theoretical. But few communities have co-operative spirit enough to venture, and those who venture have scarcely men and means and time enough at their disposal to carry the survey to its logical conclusion, and work out the suggestions. But this is another case of where to begin is more than half full accomplishment.

A correspondent from Lincoln, Neb., says: "We have had Mr. Dole with us for five days. He addressed eleven meetings. As one of our ministers said, 'We had a good camp meeting.' Dole is the very salt of the earth. We are starting the Lincoln Public Forum in our church (All Souls Church). The first meeting will be held on the 23rd. Lincoln Steffens will speak on Mexico." We rejoice to know that Charles Dole is moving westward on his itinerary that picks up the educational centers along the route to the Golden Gate, and then still the star will move westward. He will spend his Christmas in the Hawaiian Islands. This missionary is the forerunner of the new era when rationalism will be touched with evangelical fire and the ever old gospel of untrammelled brotherhood, the creed of the Good Samaritan, will find new utterance by tongues tipped with fire.

The government has thrown its protection over an interesting section of mountain and forest land in North Carolina, known as Pisgah National Forest. A part of the Vanderbilt estate has been taken over by the government and strict game regulations are being installed, protecting deer, wild turkey, pheasants, etc., and it is suggested that elk and buffalo will be introduced. No shooting is to be allowed on the premises, but it is expected that these beautiful animals will overflow into adjoining forests and become a source of pleasure to the man who likes to kill. The prospect of perpetuating these beautiful creatures, which it has taken nature so long to perfect, is most interesting, but if there should ever come a surplus, we should like to think of them as a food supply rather than as an object of "sport" for the leisure class. Shooting is an accomplishment that does not carry with it any great connotation of public spirit, private morals or religious sensibilities.

We wish there were more "Noonday Services," such as are conducted at King's Chapel in Boston from November first to Easter time. Last year over twelve thousand people, a large proportion of whom were men, dropped in during the noon half-hour to listen to a period of organ music followed by a ten-minute address by the leading preachers of the day, most of whom come within reach of Boston during the year. Then a closing hymn, and out into the busy world again, all within half an hour. Of course the beautiful, historic church building cannot be reproduced; "leading Boston preachers" have their zone limits, but everywhere there is an audience room, more or less attractive and reasonably available, which might be utilized if the projectors of such a movement were

indifferent to numbers and independent of a crowd. Papers announce that the Bahai Temple, now being erected at Willmette, near Chicago, is to have no seats, no preacher, and no ritual, but to have an open door that who will may enter when they will, for meditation, rest, worship. (We see no reason why a few comfortable seats might not be supplied.) When freedom from form and formalism is thoroughly established, there will come again, as Emerson predicted, the new clothing of religion; the sackbut and psalter will be re-established.

It is very interesting to note how the great affirmations of religion are coming now as ever in the past from the suspected doubters, the alleged unbelievers. A few months ago John Haynes Holmes, the outspoken pastor of the Unitarian Church in New York City, gave to the public his "Is Death the End?" And now there is announced by the Appleton Press a book by Alfred W. Martin, who is a heretic among the heretics, and is one of the lecturers of the Ethical Society of New York City. The title of the book is "Faith in a Future Life," and in it are discussed the different conceptions of life after death found in the various religious systems of the world. In this study he discusses three foundations for the faith, namely, the hypothesis accepted by the spiritualists, the theosophical doctrine of re-incarnation, and the foundation in moral experience which to Mr. Martin is "the only satisfying reason for holding the immortal hope." The book closes with a discussion of the practical bearing of the belief in immortality on the conduct of life. The mind of man, unfettered by dogmatism, and unintimidated by bigotry, ever turns toward the undying hopes and inclusive faiths which reach their maximum clearness in maximum minds. Great hopes are for great souls.

The Young People's Religious Union is the name taken by the organization of young people in the Unitarian Church of America. It has effected a national organization and has published a program or rather a list of topics for the weekly meetings, ranging from October to May. Among the monthly topics with sub-heads for each Sunday we find the following: The Life of Service, Power Through Self-Control, The Discovery of God, What is Spiritual Power, The Missionary Spirit, etcetera. As our readers well know, the Editor of UNITY is scarcely reconciled to age and sex sub-lines in church activities, for the young people are ever pressing into circles not so young, and gray hairs are continually seeking and finding the congenial comradeship and place of usefulness with the alleged "young people." But in this age of specialization and of almost fatal facility for organization, the young people will go off by themselves, the women will indulge in feminine presidents, secretaries, "boards" and "constitutions," and by the same token the men will flock by themselves to promote morality, religion and culture by their "smokers." And so we rejoice in this evidence of seriousness on the part of the young people of the Unitarian Church. Here is a list of topics good for preachers as well as for laymen; for aged as well as for youthful people. The headquarters of the Y. P. R. U. is in Room 11, 26 Beacon Street, Boston.

Were the country not for the time being obsessed with the elations and anxieties incident to the presidential election, it would be thrilled from center to circumference with the magnificent triumphs of the temperance movement on election day, when six great states were practically swept into the white territory which now covers approximately one-half of the United States. A man may walk "dry" shod from Jacksonville, Florida, to Bellingham, Washington, and there is more coming. This movement has passed beyond the suspicion of being the impossible dream of impractical preachers and reformers. It has found a basis in hard sense and cold economy. It is no longer an infringement of a man's liberty to remove the temptation to debaucheries and to forbid the digging of pitfalls in the life road upon which our youths must travel. The next step in this propaganda is to persuade the saloon men, the beer makers, and the distilling industries, that they are engaged in a losing business, that there is no money in it. A "law abiding saloon" is foreordained a financial fallacy. Brethren, get out of the business before you are bankrupt. Convert your saloons into cafés, your breweries into public factories and your distilleries into automobile shops; anything that is legitimate. All this to save you and your families from the humiliations of the downward road. For you will miss the jail only to land in the poorhouse if you persist in this foolish and unreliable business.

Our readers will be interested in the communication from the pen of Reverend Fred A. Moore, entitled "The Open Forum." Mr. Moore is pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) on the West Side of Chicago, and his skill in building up a successful Sunday evening forum in his church has put the church and himself on the Chicago map. So successful has he been in this venture that he has been looking around for new fields to conquer, and he has found one at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. He is about to assume control of a "South Side Peoples' Forum," which will be held on Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock, using the same speakers in the main as are on the West Side program. A representative group of men and women of the South Side is to serve as an advisory council. They have already been together,

laying their plans for constructive work. The reaction towards the church building in the Sunday opportunity on the part of the very people who have prided themselves on being non-churched when they could not plead their case as unchurched, is interesting. Edward Everett Hale, speaking of one who subsequently rendered high service to morals and religion on the public platform, said:

> This young man wants to preach and the Lord wants him to preach. His own studies and the make-up that he received from his ancestors fit him for a preacher, but he has a perverse way of not wanting to preach at the place prepared for preaching, or at the time set apart for the exercise of his gifts.

Some of the best preachers in the United States today are open to the suspicion of being affected like Doctor Hale's young man. This Forum movement, already widespread and growing, brings these latter-day preachers of righteousness into the places provided for preaching, and at a time set apart for such high discussions.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters is circulating interesting items concerning the fire prevention movement which had its annual celebration on October 9th throughout the nation. The announcement shows in a startling manner how, through their agitation and the application of the manifest plain conditions of safety, fires are being reduced at a rapid rate throughout all American cities. In New York City there were in 1915 ten thousand and ten fewer fires than in the preceding year, and the loss per capita sank from $1.06 to 32 cents. Chicago enjoyed a decrease of 1,238 fires in 1915. Boston and neighboring towns, after appointing their fire prevention commissions, lessened in two years their fires 64 per cent. Cincinnati lessened its fires in a year 20 per cent and the damages 50 per cent. Milwaukee reduced its fires 29 per cent in one year. These figures tell their own story in the direct application, but they tempt a comment on the indirect application. Let it be known that this great reform, amounting almost to a revolution, was brought about under the auspices of the National Underwriters' Association, who did not undertake to increase the efficiency of the fire department, but to promulgate the intelligence that removed the danger and avoided the causes of fires. It is not a question of fire engines, hooks and ladders, but it is a question of thoughtfulness, the precautions of wise municipal administration. This is the preparedness of science and religion. It is as good statecraft as it is economy. The most devastating of fires—War—is a conflagration not to be avoided by multiplying fire engines, but by removing the tinder and safeguarding the passions. What we need is an International Underwriters Association that will proceed on lines akin to those pursued by the National Board in question. Fire prevention does prevent, and not fire engines manned by fire companies, however efficient. He who thinks that war is to be avoided by increasing the hook and ladder equipment of nations, is a short-sighted student of history, a blind leader of the blind. The gospel of the Nazarene, the message of the Hebrew prophets, are more effective than army regulations and battleships in securing peace among nations. The psychology of the gun is shooting; the psychology of the reason is life saving.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the very interesting communication from the president of Ripon (Wis.) College, written at our request. This college is strictly "fresh water" in its origin, population and location. Ripon is only a beautiful little Wisconsin town far away from any place of note, with a population of about four thousand, in the midst of a flourishing, hard-working farmer community, many of them foreigners in their origin. The student body has always been largely drawn from the adjoining country, perhaps within a radius of less than 100 miles. The boys and girls have been necessarily rural and to a degree rustic, but never rusty. They have been boys and girls who have had to struggle for an education. They've literally worked their way through college. Ripon College has had the faults of its virtues in times past. Time was when UNITY and its Editor would have been regarded as dangerous infections to be quarantined, but in later years the Editor has been welcomed on the campus and given a place on its platform. But the interesting thing in President Evans' communication is the natural adjustment of the little college to the descendants of the Welsh settlements that in the '40's and '50's took possession of large tracts of Wisconsin territory, as the local names indicate. The Welsh people are still religious to a degree, and mothers still aspire to give their sons to the ministry of religion. A study of the place of Welshmen in English speaking American pulpits would be very interesting, but the absorbing interest to the non-Cambrian people in this communication of Doctor Evans is the naïve development of a theological department in this earnest little college. We wonder if, after all, this is not a case of wisdom being taught out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Will not the boys, and girls also, we hope, receive perhaps a more direct and efficient training for the ministry when it is thus interlocked with the studies in art, science, literature, economics and history? At least, the "Theological School," with its elaborated courses in "Systematic Theology," "Biblical Criticism," "*Ecclesiastical History,*" is not working so very well. The theological schools represent the only department in education that has not done much more than hold its

own, while all the other professional schools have staved ahead. What other colleges, more ample in privileges, more numerous in population, have given thirty-five boys to the gospel ministry in the same length of time? We congratulate Doctor Evans, under whose wise, liberal and earnest administration this last step forward has been taken by Ripon College, and we will watch the further growth of this college in the direction of Welsh-Americanism. We are not afraid of the hyphen.

Chicago Honors Its Great Judge

And I for one would much rather,
Could I merit so sweet a thing,
Be the poet of little children
Than the laureate of a king.

So sang Lucy Larcom. So might Chicago's best beloved judge say concerning his judicial career. Last Saturday night "the beauty and the chivalry" of Chicago was gathered to do honor to the retiring judge of the Juvenile Court. Four hundred people or more sat down at the tables in the great banquet hall of the La Salle Hotel. The company was a noble one, representing as it did all the professions and the leading workers for the better Chicago. Judge McGoorty presided, a Catholic priest spoke the word of blessing at the opening of the meal, and the Editor of UNITY the word of benediction at the close of the absorbing program. There were testimonies of appreciation by many men and women who are working on many lines for social betterment. It was a public commitment to progressive things without boast or bombast; a grateful recognition of the triumphs of Chicago along high lines.

Judge Merritt W. Pinckney for eight years has presided over the Juvenile Court, spite of delicate health and the exhausting interest. And now he reluctantly yields up his position to save his life. All the speakers struck high notes in an effective manner, but the address of the evening was that delivered by the modest, blushing judge himself. It was a skilful analysis of the new administration of justice to unfortunates, a fresh interpretation of the gospel of love as understood by science and enforced by enlightened statesmanship.

To Chicago belongs the credit of establishing the first Juevnile Court under an adequate law and it has been copied by twenty or more states in the Union. In the development of this practice has risen monumental innovations which also are spreading: Probation officers, psychopathic laboratories, mothers' pensions, a woman judge to consider the cases of unfortunate girls and women. It is well to consider these credits to Chicago when the discredits are made so obvious.

Human movements have no beginnings. Their roots reach way down into the subhuman realms, but if there is a starting point for this progressive children's legislation, we would humbly suggest that it may be traced back to the Sunday (January 29, 1893) in the old All Souls Church in Chicago, when the pastor preached a sermon on "Not Institutions but Homes," the result of a study of the Philadelphia method, the workings of which he had recently observed at short range. After the sermon the usher brought up with the baskets a message from Mrs. Wirt Dexter, still a Chicago woman, though for many years a resident of Boston and thereabouts, that she would give $100 to start the propaganda. The late lamented L. J. Lamson promptly added another $100. This money made it possible to send George H. Shibley, now of Washington, a tireless worker for many reforms, to spend a large part of his winter at Springfield laboring in the interest of the children, and his work continued into the succeeding legislature of the next winter. There was little visible result. The little rill at All Souls Church soon sank out of sight, but like desert rivers it flowed on and formed a part of the great irrigating system, the existence of which is witnessed to only by the greener grass and the more abundant leafage and flowering. The child saving literature is becoming very voluminous, but a history of the rise and growth of the Juvenile Court is yet unwritten. But such a story is an absolute necessity to the one who would adequately study the growth of jurisprudence in the United States and the spread of justice in the world. Who will make such a study?

THE CLOAK OF DREAMS.

They bade me follow fleet
Where my brothers work and play,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my feet,
Tangling them from the way:

They bade me watch the skies
For a signal—dark or light,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my eyes,
Shutting them fast from sight:

I have nor pain nor mirth,
Wonderment nor desire,
The Cloak of Dreams 'twixt me and earth
Wavers its drowsy fire:

I dream in dusk apart,
Hearing a strange bird sing,
And the Cloak of Dreams blows over my heart,
Blinding and sheltering!

The Craftsman. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

Goodness is not weaker than Evil, but her work requires more strength.

American Union Against Militarism
Suggestions for 1916-1917

(In these days when so many peace societies and would-be pacifists, having retired into the silences, are in danger of mistaking inactivity for philosophy, and justify the saying of Professor Hull of Swarthmore that such "are marking time, not marching," it is refreshing to come upon some societies that are at work, meaning business. Such workers whether individuals or societies interpret the dire calamity of "the greatest war in history" as a challenge calling for recruits in the still greater war for peace. Among such active societies clearly belongs the one whose report of things done and list of things to do is printed below. Surely here is a high conjunction of head and heart, of brain and dollars, and we earnestly hope that many of our readers will want to be counted in with the "contributing members." May the present "Subscribing Membership" of one thousand speedily become a growing ten thousand.—EDITOR.)

A REVIEW.

We should face the new year, not so much in the mood of defeated reformers doggedly pressing on, as in the mood of fighters who have held their ground and even made a little headway against tremendous odds. It is true that the army was increased (on paper) from 100,000 to 180,000 and that the National Guard has been put on a Federal subsidy, but the demand for a standing army of 250,000 was decisively beaten and the Administration's plan for a Continental Army was dropped overboard early in the fight. It is true that conscription was artfully included in that bill, but Congress was unaware, the people didn't dream of it, and we can probably have it repealed at the short session. It was an oversight, not a real winning of public opinion.

It is true that New York State passed extreme militarist measures, providing compulsory military training and conscription, and that similar legislation threatens in other states. But it was hastily, quietly, done. The opposition is now thoroughly awake, and the chance to repeal those laws in New York State is excellent, with one popular candidate for governor already out against them.

It is true that Congress passed the largest naval appropriation bill in the history of the United States—yes, in the peace history of any country,—but it was forced to concede the Hensley paragraphs providing for the abandonment of the program if an adequate international agreement develops after the war. And far more important than anything else in the general progress of our fight, are these so-called Hensley paragraphs, which are safely incorporated in the huge Navy Bill.

(These paragraphs were printed in UNITY for October 19, page 111, and authorize the President to appoint a Commission to aid in establishing a world court, and, when a plan for international disarmament is in operation, to suspend such naval expenditures as are inconsistent with that plan.—ED.)

Here, if we can get a strong enough public opinion back of it, is our congressional authority for ditching part, at least, of the preposterous naval program, for sinking the dreadnaughts before they are built. Here indeed is a new precedent in naval bills,—"We authorize you to build these ships, but we authorize you also to try to get the other nations to stop building theirs; if you succeed, then **don't build ours.**" If the next to the last page of the Navy Bill works, many previous pages of it may become so much waste paper.

THE YEAR AHEAD.

We propose then the following plan for the next year's work of the American Union Against Militarism.

(1) By bringing popular pressure to bear on Congress, by deputations, public hearings, and the widest possible publicity, we must compel the repeal of the **Hayden "joker" in the Army Law, which provides for conscription in case of war.** And we must increase rather than relax our vigilance in forestalling all other attempts at militarist legislation in Congress, such as the Chamberlain bill for universal military training, and the War College bill which would give military authorities power of censorship over the press in time of war.

(2) We must co-operate with local peace organizations in their efforts **to keep military training out of the public schools** and in their fight against **conscription** and compulsory training in the state laws, by providing effective literature and promoting publicity.

Simultaneously with the opposition campaigns outlined above, we propose to commence these two affirmative programs:

(3) **Create international publicity about the Hensley paragraphs** in the Navy Bill; it is an example which the neutral countries can follow this very year, and one which the belligerents must consider at the end of this war. Let every despairing pacifist in the country, every exhausted anti-militarist, every lover of democracy, every radical, every man who objects to having the taxes wasted, every trade-unionist, every ordinary citizen who dislikes to feed the war trust,—let them all know that there is an international "if" in the Naval Program. Under the law contracts for certain of the ships must be let before March 1, 1917, but if peace, followed by developments which point toward international disarmament, comes next year, then the President is authorized to abandon the remainder of the three-year program. Here all the Peace Societies can unite in a campaign to create national and international pressure for disarmament, recovering for that idea something of the prestige it enjoyed before the war fever captured the American press.

Then we should begin to select the nine citizens for the international conference—we should secure an audience with the President to propose our candidates, and cable that story to the world. We should ask him what he can do at once to convince the people of all nations that he takes those paragraphs as seriously as any other legislation in 1916. He's bound to make an earnest statement. This story alone and the story of the big "if" in the contracts will do something to take the challenge and threat out of our new Navy Law.

There's no limit to the enthusiasm we can arouse over such a prospect. We'll have all the munition makers openly against us. It will be a glorious fight.

(4) Finally, **we must make the most of our Mexican experience.** We must make it known to everybody that the **people** acting directly—not through their governments or diplomats or armies—stopped that war, and can stop all wars if enough

of them will act together and act quickly. We must celebrate this fact in some great and dignified way. The militarists will be quick to take the credit for peace. Let us too take time to claim our victories. We can contrast vividly the Civil Joint Commission at Atlantic City with a modern battlefield, and make it our rallying call for new support, new members, and new glory.

Then let us seriously and patiently construct the machinery for instant mobilization of the people for the prevention of any future war that might threaten this country. A war of simple wanton aggression against the United States is unthinkable. There would always be misunderstanding, false national pride, secret diplomacy, financial interests, something crooked at the bottom of it. And our plan for getting the people of the two countries into instant actual contact with and understanding of each other would always prevent it.

This would seem to be the way to begin; first, build up our own organization so that it is a real power in the land and known among liberals **all over the world.** Then educate our membership in what is expected of them if war threatens—so that we can have almost instant mobilization for service. Then get in touch with organizations like ours in other countries—especially those countries expected to be our enemies. Get them to select likely "Joint Commissioners" who would start to meet ours on an hour's notice. (Our Mexican-American Commissioners have all pledged to start for the border on an hour's notice if war threatens again and their services are needed.) **Have the names and addresses ready.** (We wasted twenty-four hours in the Mexican crisis because we didn't know the name of a single Mexican who would act with us. There's provincialism for you. Let our plan be the beginning of a **practical** internationalism.) Also get these leaders in foreign countries to send us their membership lists. We could then distribute the names among our active members and pledge them to cable at least one "enemy" a message of good-will to stave off war, if we send out the word. Imagine it! a thousand cables from "enemy" to "enemy" stating the firm friendliness of the people and their determination not to fight—all in 48 hours; and meanwhile the heads and subheads of organizations busy cabling stories to foreign papers, and a joint conference on its way to meet and **hold the peace.** There never could be a war if our peace forces could mobilize like that in 48 hours.

And there is no step of that program more quixotic or impossible than the El Paso Conference seemed at first.

THE MACHINERY.

For such a program (1-2-3-4) we need a big membership,—10,000 before the year is out. We have on hand, 1,000 contributing members, 5,000 non-contributing members, and 60,000 likely names. We can build such an organization if we have the money to reach these people.

We must have a free hand for all the literature we need, and a genius to design it.

Our publicity department,—clever and competent as it is—must be even bigger and better equipped, and we must begin to make it **international.** (Right out of a clear sky with no experience we tackled a problem of international publicity in the Mexican crisis. And perhaps the $300 we spent on telegrams and cables during that critical forty-eight hours in June was more important than we know in preventing war. Perhaps our feeling of good-will really reached the Mexican public in that way and made them endure the irritating presence of American troops a little longer in patience. Perhaps it kept Carranza from despairing and yielding to his angry soldiers. Perhaps it strengthened President Wilson in his determination to treat Mexico as the United States would like to be treated.)

We must not drop back. We must go ahead. Nothing must be too new and daring for us. What succeeded with Mexico will succeed with Japan, but we must be ready. We must be able to mobilize—hands and hearts and **minds** across the sea,—in forty-eight hours.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN,
Executive Secretary.

70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A SONG OF SHUT-IN DAYS.

When Winter knocks at door and pane,
And storms my castle cozy,
How sweet to hear the snow and rain
While coals burn bright and rosy!
The fierce wind whistles in the flue;
The storm-drums beat a wild tattoo;
But safe beside my cheery blaze
I sing a song of shut-in days.

The firelight twinkles on my book,
The birch log burns so cheerily!
From dusky shelves the poets look,
The friends I love so dearly.
And so I say, God bless the day
That brings the frost and snow this way,
And shuts me in my inglenook
With crumbling birch log and a book!

—James Buckham.

THE FLOWER OF MENDING.

When dragon-fly would fix his wings,
—When snail would patch his house
When moths have marred the overcoat
Of tender Mister Mouse

The pretty creatures go with haste
To the sunlit blue-grass hills
Where the flower of mending yields the wax
And webs to help their ills

The hour the coats are waxed and webbed
They fall into a dream,
And when they wake the ragged robes
Are joined without a seam.

My heart is but a dragon-fly,
My heart is but a mouse,
My heart is but a haughty snail
In a little stony house.

Your hand was honey-comb to heal,
Your voice a web to bind.
You were a mending flower to me
To cure my heart and mind.

—Vachel Lindsay.

THE PULPIT

A Psalm of the Inner Life—XXIII.

IV.

"Goodness ane Mercy"—Evil

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 22, 1916.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

Out of the fatigues and the discouragements, the turmoil and the strife, the passions with their hatreds and their weaknesses of the hour, we come Father to this place of appreciation, to this hour of meditation, to this communion with Thee and Thine. We come hoping for strength to meet Life's troubles more adequately, hoping for a vision more keen, that we may see more clearly the things that make for beauty and love. We come to be guided higher into the paths of duty, the ways of holiness, that we may become more consciously a part of the great whole, members of the great family, children of the Most High, now and forever more. Amen.

Let us not make too easy work of this Psalm. Both Jewish and Christian priests have converted it into a popular liturgy. They have recited these daring sentences with eyes cast heavenward, ignoring or refusing to see, if they dare cast their eyes downward, the grim facts of earth. They have sung this canticle of faith which has been denied over and over again in human experience with bitter tears. Let us admit this world of ours is full of misery, pain, disease. Life is rampant with injustice, nations are torn by unspeakable cruelties and wicked wars. All these ghastly facts exist and no amount of pious rhapsody or liturgical phraseology can remove them. Evil is a profound verity in human experience. Corruption and degradation dog the steps of the human, they blur the pages of history, they blacken the statute books of the world.

Not content with ignoring or neglecting them there now seems to be in some quarters a disposition to deny the facts altogether. Whether it be by ignoring or denying these hard facts of life the process inevitably leads either to insincerity or imbecility. These facts must be met before we dare chant this great hymn of faith, "Goodness and Mercy have followed *me* all the days of *my* life."

Louis Untermeyer, with that strong frankness that characterizes his work, thus interrupts this song of faith with a response from the victims of the sweatshop. In church we sing,

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below.
Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew.

Yet we are choked with sin
With bestial lusts and guile;
God (so it runs) made this world clean
And Man has made it vile.

Aye, here Man lives on man,
And breaks him day by day—
But in the trampled jungle
The tiger claws his prey.

God's curse is on the thief;
The murderer fares ill—
Who gave the beasts their taste for blood
Who taught them how to kill?

"All praise to Him Who built the hills,
All praise to Him Who each stream fills;
All praise to Him Who lights each star
That sparkles in the sky afar."

All praise to Him Who made
The earthquake and the flood;
All praise to Him Who made the pest
That sucks away the blood.

All praise to Him Whose mind
Had the desire to make
The Shark, the scorpion, the gnat
And the envenomed snake.

Beauty itself He turns
To slay and to be slain—
A thousand evil poisons
His peaceful woods contain.

"Lift up your heart! Lift up your voice!
Rejoice! Again I say, rejoice!
For His mercies, they are sure
His compassion will endure!"

Rejoice because, each man
Has but a man's desire
To sin the little human sins
As a child that plays with fire.

Rejoice because God's plans
Are far too deep for talk. . .
He lets the swallow feed on flies—
Then gives it to the hawk!

Rejoice because He made
A world in some wild mood;
A world that feeds upon itself—
"And God saw it was good. . ."

Yet who are we to rail—
Vainly we strive and storm—
God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform!

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,"
They say, and yet again,
"God is His own interpreter"—
When will he make it plain?

This is the challenge of today to religion; the defiance of science and experience to conventional religion and much of current theology.

Evil cannot be argued out of court but science and experience alike, in the humility of Job, venture to present certain modifying considerations, certain evident "truths by the way" that may help to rescue the soul from despair, put the pilgrim's feet on solid earth. Though he wade through tears and blood he may still cast his eyes upward and sing this Psalm of the inner life.

In the first place it is safe, is it not, to say that most of the ills of life, whether out of our own experiences or found in the illuminated pages of the poets, are human born. Most of the griefs that overcloud us are woven by human hands. It is men that miss the harmonies of nature, it is men that make discord out of the melodies of the spheres. The trenches built for death traps and armed with the instruments designed to shred limbs and shatter homes, are man made and man equipped.

Margaret Widdemer, another poet of the hour if not of the age, brings home this same indisputable

fact that the ills we suffer from, the woes we experience, the calamities against peace and happiness are, most of them, man made. I claim not too much. She says in "The Twisted Souls,"—mark the searching title—

They work at our command; they weave and spin;
The shuttles and the steps go out and in,
Go back and forth: through time and life and tears
They pace and weave for us throughout the years.

And through the years we weave their souls for them,
Spotted and warped and wried about the hem,
Knotted with weariness and marked with toil,
Souls twisted like the warp their tired hands spoil.

What shall we do with all these souls that lie
Thick by the ways where our light feet pass by?
God does not say in anger (as would we),
"Do over now your task done evilly,

Make straight and clean these souls you soil and break,
Or for your vile doing I will take
What you have made from you." He lets us keep
Peace and self-comforting and happy sleep.

He lets us deck our lives and make them fair,
Keep light and mirth, and flowers in our hair.
He waits; the little lovely things we know
Beneath our white hands lift and smile and grow:

Power to appraise the rose of sunset-light,
Wisdom to judge the music's tones aright,
Delight in carven, builded words that pile
High while we sit and listen soft, and smile.

Love for our own folk of our finer clay. . .
These things are good. But what if God should say,
"These little fairnesses and sweets you fold
Around your souls to wrap them from the cold,

They are but play-work for the end of night
When all My tasks I gave are done aright:
What of the souls I gave into your care—
Have you them ready for me, straight and fair?" . . .

Our lives go on from pleasant day to day.
God waits. He does not speak. . What will he say?

Eliminate out of the burdens of life the awful injustice to men, snatch out of the community the selfishness therein exercised, purge our lives from the dissipations that judgment condemns, and our intelligence warns us against, let in God's fresh air into the dirt laden darkness of shops, purge as by fire the cesspools of vice, the stalls of iniquity, the drinking troughs of inebriety by methods which we ourselves have discovered and developed and understand perfectly well; then we may face this Psalm of faith, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

There is another "consideration by the way." These evil propensities, these devilish activities are after all but superficial scratches on the surface of the human globe. There is a depth profound of the human soul that is undisturbed by vice and dissipation. There is a saving quality in the human soul that may ever and anon reveal itself even in the short processes of mortal time. There is a profound truth underneath much that is superficial and passing in the doctrine of conversion. There is a percentage of real redemption in every revival. This was the secret of Father Matthew's triumph over drunken Ireland. A word from his lips, touched with the spirit of sincerity, a confession of his faith illuminated with love, the elevation of the Cross to sinning souls, changed hundreds of them at a time from drunkenness to sobriety. The priest may suppose that this change came from some spiritual descent from above. We know rather that if the change was permanent it came from an awakening from below, some hidden, latent forces were released from within. The "better part" that we talk of is always there. It is always a possibility. We should always remember that beneath the crime, beyond the cruelties and the clouds that overhang us today there remains the everlasting hunger; a divine spirit within the reach of human effort. The sin is superficial, the gift is eternal; the passion is passing, the aspiration is continual. We lock the man behind prison doors for the violation of law, but we cannot lock out the homesickness of the most hardened criminal. Somewhere in the depths of that soul there rings still the singing tones of mother love. There is felt still the yearning for home and heaven.

Wherever this evil comes from, much of it is human born, and, as history shows, is transient in the human soul.

Another thing may be said. We know that many diseases are self-limiting. If we can survive the cycle of the fever it will destroy itself. Much of the woes of life brought about by the sins of the world are self-limiting. Some workers many years ago made in the slums of New York revealing discoveries in this direction. They found that those who were just toying with vice, the young men and women who were playing with indulgences, were the hardest to reach. Not the easy and self-confident tipplers were the most amenable to the arguments for sobriety or most easily reformed, but those were more easily won who had drunk the cup to its dregs, those who had tasted the bitter lees of their dissipations, those who had brought their intoxication to its self-correcting, self-limiting bitterness.

Many of the woes of the world are self-limiting, they are self-terminating in one way or another. We find this in the bitter experiences of every day. Every real glimpse we find of the life in the trenches, every revelation of the movement of the spirit in the ranks proves that the warring nations of Europe are outgrowing their hates. The inspirations of hate are already giving way in the ranks and some day they will give way in the council chambers of nations. The old bitterness is passing, the new love of heroism, the new comradeship that comes to the brave spite of barbed wire limitations, is expanding more than we can now know in Europe, as the testimony of the higher writers and those most gifted with insight fully realize.

Thus do we meet in these "considerations by the way" some explanations of the experiences of life that seem to deny the high affirmations of our Psalm.

John G. Neihardt, a virile, new poet, one of our newest, has reduced to an epic an old story of the fur trading era in his poem "The Song of Hugh Glass." Hugh Glass, mangled in his struggle with a bear, is cruelly abandoned and left to die from his wounds. His former companions escaping carry with them what they suppose to be the unnecessary equipments of the hunter left behind to die. The hunter recovers consciousness and with a useless limb crawls on all threes toward life. Realizing his abandonment, missing the flint and gun that would make life possible for him in the wilds of the Rocky Moun-

tains, he is inspired by his dangerous and pitiful condition with an overpowering purpose to avenge the insult. He wanted to live long enough to see the boy he had loved and protected but who had now abandoned him, punished. But as he lay under the stars night after night, finding here a berry and there a reluctant spring, the thirst for vengeance in his heart fell away, the memory of a personal wrong gave way to the more profound memory of the loving ties that bound him, of the comfort that he had enjoyed in the boy's caress. When the wild march on three limbs, dragging the useless fourth, came to an end he found that the same divine reconciliation that had eliminated out of his heart curses and replaced them with blessings, had filled the heart of the timid boy with remorse and had driven him desperately from point to point seeking the man at whose feet he might cast himself.

This new epic is but a revelation of the old law that the heart in the rough, while laden with curses, is possessed at the same time with that which is the joy of the years and the ages. These principles obtain in the history of nations. They will reveal themselves in the ultimate solution of the war that is upon us, when those most involved will have their chance of expression. It will be easy to forgive and it will be a joy to forget the things that separate in the delight of the discovery of the things that unite, in the delight of the revelation that the vocabulary of war does not supplant the vocabulary of the home. That mother, father, sister and brother, friend and neighbor, are words written deep in the consciousness of both Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, and these words in the divine providence have a divine conquering power, and abide in human experience. The devilish way of war and sin does but tend at last to illumine the great vocabulary of love and to justify the august forces of faith. The poet well says, "We fall but to rise again."

Our own little home poet, Florence Kiper Frank, cries out of the agony and humiliation of our city streets, where "babies whine and die," where "metal is more than flesh," and the "knowledge of tears and blood" breaks through the "factories' crazy thud," out of the pitiful cry of the human exclaims:

> O when will God come as a mighty flood
> To wash the world afresh.

Patience, dear sister. Note the narrow range of our near-sighted human eyes. God's mighty flood *is* pouring down through the centuries, surely submerging the "acrid smells" and "fetid heats" and bearing upon its crest sunlight, pure air, souls being purified, nations being pacified, humanity made fraternal and the fleeting measures of time becoming elements in the anthem of eternity.

In another mood with renewed faith and clearer vision our beloved Florence sings again:

> Think not we are deserted! One by one
> The gods must leave us as they have left of yore.
> Pan pipes no longer on the golden shore,
> And Buddha of the wistful eyes is gone.
> Isis, Osiris, their high task is done.
> Thunders cloud-girt Mount Sinai nevermore.
> Yea, he must pass at whose name we adore,—
> Even the gentle Mary's wounded son.
>
> Yet are we not forsaken, nor can be.
> The vibrant heart of worlds will never tire.
> Still speaks he in the roaring of the sea.
> Still kindles he the urg of man's desire.
> Broods o'er the world the eternal mystery.
> Still is the breathing God a living fire.

I will not stop to argue. It is not within the power of man to prove, but I affirm that the experiences of the race justify the high faith, justify the profound trust.

Where, then, is our God? How does the divine come into this resplendent pageant of creation? He is ever discoverable in the long reaches of human history, not in the short spasms of human anger. I have said that many, if not all, of the ills of life are born out of crudeness not out of wickedness. The callow youth brings trouble upon himself and others, his inexperienced stumbling feet fall into calamity, but by these very means we are tutored by the Eternal, whose guiding hand may not be discovered by any human measuring line.

Perhaps here, as near as anywhere, we come to the solution of the unsoluble, to a conjunction of human effort and the eternal will. All the unaccountable mysteries of time are a part of that higher consciousness that "A thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday, or a watch in the night." It is never "yesterday" or "tomorrow," but an eternal "today." In the experience of life engraved upon the tablets of the Eternal, measured as best we may by the deathless measures of history, we see that what we have called corruption is crudeness, what we have called degradation is groping. The child wrestles with the problems he cannot solve, but in the long measures of time he still can say, "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters. He restoreth my soul. . . . Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

We are infidels if we expect a solution of the facts of the universe in our own lifetime. We are atheists if we insist on measuring the forces of God by the bitter experiences of the hour. All the great poets at short range have been denying poets. The great epics of literature are the epics of skeptics measured by human experience.

It was the "skepticism" of Æschylus that bound the fire bringer to the rocks to suffer unendingly. It was the "skepticism" of the unknown author of the Psalm that led him to exclaim:

> Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
> It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

And the author of Job:

> Who by searching can find God?

It was the "infidelity" of Goethe's "Faust" that entangled him in the wicked coils of the Devil, and rendered him helpless. Byron makes Manfrid, a defiant rebel, shake his fist in the face of the Eternal.

Victor Hugo led Jean Valjean through prisons, through disgraces, through crime, through cruelties inexplicable, to the calm that lies beyond. And the sick Prince of Denmark cries wearily, "To be or not to be, that's the question," and finds no answer to his question.

But whoever measures time by centuries and by eons will come, as Bunsen did, to a sense of "God in history," and will come to a realizing sense that Principalities and Powers, like humble men and women,

kick in vain against the pricks of destiny when they would outrage the tender law of love, when they would break the silken string, slender but unbreakable, that binds the finite with that infinite source of life that makes for beauty, for love, once in a while at least in our own experience, and forever makes for truth and justice.

Yea, to him who resists and overcomes, who yields to these forces, the Infinite doth "spread a table in the presence of his enemies" and he triumphs over them. The temperate man triumphs over the bounteous table spread by the dissipated and in the interest of dissipation. The loving man triumphs over the fever of greed, the hunger for power, for he knows that "One with God is a majority," and that there is companionship in the solitary places of the desert. The soul committed to justice and to brotherhood finds a "table spread for him in the presence of his enemies," against which he is invulnerable.

I do not deny the inadequacy of this explanation. I am not here to try to discuss the old but ever new problem of evil. The lightning does smite the innocent as often as the guilty. The floods overwhelm the homes of the pure as surely as they do the hovels of the vicious. With a point finer than a cambric needle, the mosquito may inject the poison that will spread an epidemic throughout the city, carry the terror of yellow fever, the blight of manhood, into many pure homes.

These obvious facts of nature bring home to us with undeniable power and truth that whatever the purposes of the universe may be, they are not those that seek to complete the drama of individual life in mortal time. Whatever the destiny the Eternal has in store for us, it is not now revealed to our short-sighted vision, it is not to be compassed by our selfish little passing of three score years and ten.

But I am to make another attempt to understand this Psalm of the inner life. Next Sunday I will try to discover the meaning of "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Renew our faith, O Thou infinite source of love. Refresh our lives with fresh courage that we may realize even now that Thy hand leads us, guiding us ever towards Thee. Amen.

IN THE DARK.

Lord, since the strongest human hands I know
Reach through my darkness, will not let me go,
Hold me as if most dear when fallen most low;

Since, even now, when my spent courage lies
Stricken beneath disastrous, quivering skies,
I learn the tenderness of human eyes;

Surely, though night unthinkable impend,
When human hands nor human eyes befriend,
Thou wilt avail me in the lonely end.

—*Sophie Jewett.*

With a mature generation there is never much to be done, neither in things material nor spiritual, neither in matters of taste nor of character. Be ye wise and begin in the schools, and then it will go.

Goethe.

"A Counterblast to Militarism"

"That's a man who uses 42-centimeter guns!" This comment of a fourteen-year-old lad, whose mother had read to him parts of John Haynes Holmes' latest book, "New Wars for Old," characterizes the author and incidentally the book. Should one wish to know more of the author of this epoch-making volume, let him turn first to page 290 and read:

> Beyond the nation is the world, and beyond the people of one country the great circle of humanity. Not to America or Germany or England but to that one blood of which God hath made all nations of men—not to Americans or Germans or Englishmen but to the 'brethren' everywhere—not to king or kaiser or president, but to God the universal father—must we pledge our first allegiance. 'Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind.'

and on to the end of the chapter. Then he will understand that the man who uses 42-centimeter guns is a lover of his kind, a true patriot, and a prophet. And what is his prophecy? It is this:

> Sometimes, somewhere, somehow, war, like famine, disease, cannibalism, infanticide, human sacrifice will be utterly abolished, and permanent and universal peace established on the earth.

The author says in the "Statement of the Problem," which forms the first chapter:

> My purpose is to state the case for pacifism in terms of force versus non-resistance. I shall try to say all that can be said for this sublime and much-maligned ideal, as fairly and yet as fully as possible. I certainly am not eager to be dubbed a pacifist or a non-resistant, as either title is a hopeless travesty. In a time, however, when reliance upon the methods and the ideals of brute force has involved the world in the most frightful disaster of history, and men, all unmindful of the lesson, are still urging us to push on faster and farther in the same old way to the same old end. I feel that there is need for a statement from the other side of the case.

He admits that the counsel of non-resistance has hitherto fallen upon the ears of a heedless world, but asks, "Is it certain that this must ever be its fate?" After reviewing the centuries during which the gospel of force has been practiced, resulting in a hideous record of devastation, bloodshed and misery, and the death of (as has been estimated) fourteen hundred billions of human beings, he brings the reader to a consideration of the present cataclysmic struggle, and asks:

> Is it not possible, that under the stress of such an agony of woe as weighs upon men's hearts today, their minds may at last be prepared for the hearing, if not the immediate practice, of the gospel of non-resistance? Having found the way of force to be the path 'that leadeth to destruction,' may not men be ready at least to consider the alternative way? Defeated, baffled, wasted, face to face with death, may they not heed the prophet voices, and try a plan of action which, at the worst, cannot bring a greater tide of woe upon the world than has already come?

Then he goes on to say:

> Such at least is my hope, as I prepare this new statement of an ancient gospel. The failure of modern civilization in our time has sobered us, shocked us, set us to thinking on new lines. We are ready, as perhaps never before, to see a new vision of truth, to try a new way of life.

In his prefatory word Mr. Holmes states emphatically that the word "non-resistance" is inaccurate and misleading, and declares right away that he accepts none of the unfortunate implications which the word so often suggests. "The true non-resistant," he says, "is militant—but he lifts his militancy from the plane of physical to the plane of moral and spiritual force;

and he emphasizes this assertion by advising that chapters IV, V and VI be read before the rest of the book is approached, for he considers the ideas therein set forth as highly important to a true understanding of his argument. This idea of the militancy of non-resistance ceases to be a paradox when the author has made it clear that such militancy, while it is all-powerful, obeys other dictates than that of brute force.

The reader who expects to find in "New Wars for Old" an idealistic treatment of an impossible scheme is doomed to disappointment. The author treats his subject from the point of view of expediency, with little emphasis on the idealistic side of the question, and this, not from any indifference to the idealism involved in his plea, but simply because the burning question in respect to the non-resistant theory is now, and for some time must be, "Will it work?" Mr. Holmes believes with many of the great souls of all time that it will work, and his able and eloquent presentation of this belief will convince others of the soundness of this conclusion.

If one is tempted to judge the book unfavorably let him bethink himself that what one gets from any experience depends in some measure upon how much he puts into it; then mayhap he will find the reason in himself rather than in the thesis or its presentation. It is safe to say that the open-minded should be able to follow Mr. Holmes to the limits of his belief, for he is reasonable in his premises, conservative in his statements, logical in his argument, and fair in his conclusions.

The title of the book might well have been "Force vs. Non-Resistance," for the two strongest chapters, perhaps, are Chapter III, "The Fallacies of Force," and Chapter VII, "Practicability of Non-Resistance." These chapters are logical as well as strong, and fascinating as well as logical. It is always a temptation to make selections from a worth-while book, although the practice is but little more effective than presenting sample bricks from a house one desires to recommend. However, I venture to choose a few bricks from these two chapters—the foundation of Mr. Holmes' edifice, as it were. In the chapter entitled "Fallacies of Force" he compares the element of force in some of its phases to that of fire, explosives and poisons, and declares that force, like fire (for example), once liberated, sets in motion consequences which are beyond all calculation and control—following this with the statement:

> Adopted with reluctance by an unselfish man for unselfish ends, it (force) is straightway adopted with eagerness by a selfish man for selfish ends.

He points out that to those bent on conquest, whether of peoples, territory or concessions, there is no weapon but force; but by a series of vivid and most convincing illustrations he likewise shows that always force proves itself to be destructive not constructive—an instrument of death and not of life. "For this reason," he says, "man is, little by little, turning from force toward non-resistance, not because non-resistance is sure to succeed, but because force in the long run is sure to fail."

"Force," he exclaims, "a guaranty of security!"

> On the contrary, force is a guaranty of nothing but disaster. For force breeds force and the work of force is death. . . . 'They that take the sword shall perish with the sword' as Jesus said when he bade Peter to put up his weapon, and make no resistance to his arrest. If there is any security in this world of chance and change, ignorance and hate, it is not by force that it can come. Security, like peace, is the fruit of love. It comes not from violence but from good will. It is maintained not by the hand, but by the heart! . . . Force is failing because it is alien to God. Love is rising, because it is of the very essence and potency of the Divine.

The chapter on the "Practicability of Non-Resistance" is the positive view of the question of which the third chapter is the negative aspect. Far from accepting the assertion that the non-resistant principle has not worked and will not work, the author declares that for centuries past non-resistance has been tried and has worked; and he gives illustration after illustration in support of his position. Moreover, he affirms emphatically that—

> "It is spirit that elevates, purifies, and, in the final struggle, conquers. To trust to the spirit is to trust to nothing less than the immortal soul, the universe, God!"

And of the non-resistant he says:

> Those who live by this law have the unseen on their side. The very stars in their courses fight for them. God, in his infinite majesty, stands up and makes their cause his own.

The writer most reluctantly closes this review of "New Wars for Old" as she reluctantly closed the book; for it is eminently readable and stimulating, as it is informative. The case of moral force surpassing physical force has never been more powerfully, convincingly and interestingly put. Every page challenges, and the moral intensity of the book as a whole is tremendous.

The author takes us up to spiritual summits where we get

> —— the far view of the horizon instead of the near view of rocky barriers, (where) we behold the vast reaches of eternity instead of the narrow confines of time.

And where we are brought to a realization of the abiding truth

> —— that the ideal, after all, is nothing more nor less than that which is practicable in the long run.

Of the "force" underlying non-resistance Mr. Holmes says:

> Just to the extent that the trial is complete, in courage and good faith, it (non-resistance) tends to work; and just to the extent that the trial falls short of completeness, from fear or scepticism, it tends to fail . . . for we have a principle which fails, not because of its own essential falsity, but because of the weakness, timidity, half-heartedness of those who strive to put it into practice.

It is to be hoped that this glimpse into its pages will lead every one who reads this review to read the book. No better service for true preparedness can be rendered this country than to have it widely read and discussed, for it is, as the New York Evening *Post* described it, a "Counterblast to Militarism."

Read "New Wars for Old," recommend it to your friends, ask your minister to make it the subject of a sermon, and feel that you have done something to further the cause of Peace, which, as Mr. Holmes shows, can be bought only at GREAT price.

Boston, Mass. BLANCHE WATSON.

A true garden, like a life well lived, is forever becoming, forever in process, forever leading on toward new goals.

Walter Prichard Eaton, in "The Idyl of Twin Fires."

"New Wars for Old," $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

LINCOLN CENTRE FELLOWSHIP CLUB.

Unfavorable weather, added to the fatigues and uncertainties of the day after election, had their effect on the November meeting of the Lincoln Centre Fellowship Club, and a comparatively small audience listened to an excellent address by Mr. Carl Thompson of Milwaukee on "The Public Ownership of Public Utilities." He quoted quite largely from Professor Scott Nearing's recent studies on incomes, wherein he makes a distinction between incomes for services rendered, and property incomes, and wherein he has tabulated many figures showing the absolute disproportion between these two kinds of incomes as worked out in privately owned public utilities in this country. For instance, the unearned income in railroads is over one billion dollars, in banking business over half a billion, and others in proportion, making an aggregate of about ten billion a year that accrues to the private owners of public utilities over and above expenses. This condition, Mr. Thompson urged, should be met by the public ownership of many of these public necessities, and he cited several cases where the plan has been tried out and has been made to work for the benefit of the community and the individual citizen. For example, he gave figures showing that we in the United States under private ownership of the telegraph and telephone interests are paying as high as ten times as much for such service as are certain foreign countries which own and handle their own business on these lines, and much the same is true of other classes of public service.

Among other things, Mr. Thompson said:

"Private ownership of public utilities everywhere results in the exploitation of the people in three ways, first, by keeping the earnings of labor down, second, by keeping the charge for service up, and third, by putting the profit that arises therefrom, into private pockets. From this condition, there grow up fundamental, moral, civic, and religious problems, which civilization must face."

The speaker explained the workings of a non-partisan league which is being organized in the United States for the purpose of bringing together those who are like-minded in this matter, to forward as best they can the public ownership of public utilities.

Mr. Francis Neilson, a gentleman well known in the political and literary life of England was present, and added some very interesting data gleaned from that country's thirty years' experience in public ownership.

Professor A. C. von Noe of the University of Chicago gave a brief account of the vital work that the American Y. M. C. A. is doing in helping to look after the comfort and welfare of five million prisoners of war in the various belligerent countries of Europe, who are allowed to be approached only by those of neutral nations in any kind of relief work. Many of these prisoners are college graduates, men of refinement, who are suffering keenly from the lack of cultured companionship, books, etc., and this particular work seeks to connect the students of the world with their less fortunate brothers in the prison camps of Europe. Mr. Trevor Arnett of the University of Chicago will gladly furnish further information of this movement, and will see that the smallest contribution is put to effective use.

A. L. K.

HEROISM WITHOUT A CANNON-ROAR

More than one man has drawn endless consolation out of the Miltonian line, "They also serve who only stand and wait," and the knowledge of the truth of this has made many a man satisfied to be an unknown but valuable citizen. And just like these are the many who have achieved heroism without the recognition of it by governments or national press. Gold medals do not necessarily indicate the hero; nor does the waving flag or the cannon or the uniform mean that all who stay at home are cowards. Some of the bravest men are those whose only uniform was the worker's garb or an up-to-date business suit.

The story is quoted from a news item in the Cincinnati "Post":

It's midnight on the Oklahoma prairies. A heavy passenger-train, loaded with precious human freight, is rushing through the gloom. The engineer hears a sound behind him, he turns his head, and gazes into the muzzle of a "45." "Hands up!" comes

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the crisp command, "slow down, quick."

The driver is an old-timer and obeys. The bandits, fifteen in number, cover the train from end to end. They marshal the train crew, in short order, near the engine.

"Get in line!" is the order. Comes Ed Oldham, rear brakeman, lantern in hand, a black-visaged robber holding a pistol to his ear. "Line up there, you!" the bandit chief tells him.

"I can't," says Oldham; "freight behind. I've gotta flag it," and he starts back over the hill.

A bullet sings by his ear. "Stop!" echoes the sharp command. Oldham turns his head, but keeps a-going.

"There's a freight just over the hill, I tell you. There will be a wreck if I don't get back there," he retorts.

The colts crack again. Close enough, this time The tips of two fingers fly off the brakeman's hand. Not the lantern hand, tho, thank God.

"I'll shoot to kill next time," warns the robber, as he follows up the still-retreating trainman. Oldham answers, but plods doggedly on, "Can't help it, I must flag that freight."

The robber lowers his gun, a look of admiration glinting in his eyes.

"One game durn fool," quoth he. Then he listens intently. Far away, over the hill, comes a rumble.

"There sure is a train coming, boys," he says to his mates. To the brakeman, "Come along!" They break into a run together, pant up the steep hill, gain the crest, the rumble growing into a roar. Then the red lantern waves warningly, brakes whine, and as the headlight flashes over the rim of the hill, the freight stops—just in time. Three Pullmans of sleeping passengers, besides the packed day-coaches, are saved from a death-dealing collision.

That brakeman was trained to obey. He knew his duty and did it. Is any soldier upon Europe's firing-line, officer or man, doing more? Only a railway private, but a hero. And it's true, every word of this tale.

—*The Literary Digest.*

THE WILDWOOD CHILD.

The wildwood child
In the wildwood lives,
And plays with toys
The green earth gives:

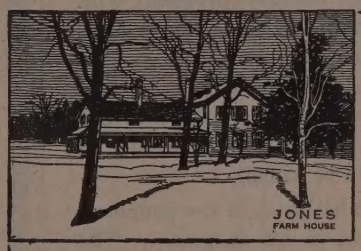
Sweet cones of pine,
And buckeyes brown,
With leaves in Autumn
Drifting down.

His nutshell boats,
Are manned by snails;
White dogwood blossoms
Are their sails.

His secrets to
The brook are told
And all his wounds
By her consoled,

Who calm below
Her prattling glee
Guards quiet pools
Of sympathy.

So, all day long,
The wildwood child
Pervades the forest
Gothic-aisled,



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"Love for the Battle-torn Peoples"

INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.